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PURITAN AND THE PAPIST.

A SATYR,

By Mr. *Abraham Cowley.*

LONDON Printed for *W. Davis*, 168½.

PURITAN

PAMPHLET

ASSAYER

THE PURITAN AND THE PAPIST.

A SATYR.

SO two rude *Waves*, by Storms together thrown,
Roar at each other, Fight, and then grow *One*.
Religion is a *Circle*, men contend,
And Run the Round in dispute without end.
Now in a *Circle* who go contrary,
Must, at the last, *meet* of necessity.
The *Roman Cath'lique* to advance the *Cause*
Allows a *Lye*, and calls it *Pia Fraus*.
The *Puritan* approves and does the same,
Dislikes nought in it but the *Latin name*.
He flows with his devises, and dares *Lye*
In very *deed*, in *truth*, and *verity*.
He whines, and sighs out *Lies*, with so much ruth,
As if he griev'd, 'cause he could ne'er speak truth.
Lies have possest the *Press* so, as their due,
'Twill scarce I fear, henceforth Print *Bibles* true.
Lies for their next Strong Fort ha'th' *Pulpit* chose,
There they throng out at 'th Preachers *Mouth*, and *Nose*.
And how ee'r gross, are certain to beguile
The poor *Book-turners* of the *middle Isle*.
Nay to th' *Almighrie's* self they have been bold
To *lye*, and their blasphemous *Minister* told,
They might say false to *God*; for if they were
Beaten, he knew't not, for he was not there.

Parallel'd in Holy Cheats.

But *God*, who their great *thankfulnesse* did see,
Rewards them straight with another *Villarie*,
In Publishing *False News* as *Legends*.
Just such an one as *Brainford*, and san's doubt
Will weary er't be long their *gratitude* out.
Not all the *Legends* of the *Saints* of old,
Not vast *Baronius*, nor sly *Surius*, hold
Such plenty of apparent *Lies*, as are
In your own *Author*, *Jo. Browns Cleric. Par.*
Besides what your small *Poets*, said or writ,
Brookes, *Strode*, and the *Baron* of the *Saw-pit*:
In *Mental Reservations*.
With many a *Mental Reservation*.
You'll maintain *Liberty*, *Reserv'd* [your owne.]
For th'publique good the sums rais'd you'll disburse;
Reserv'd, [The greater part for your own Purse.]
You'll root the *Cavaliers* out, every man;
Faith, let it be *reserv'd* here; [*If ye can.*]
You'l make our gracious CHARLES, a *Glorious King*;
Reserv'd [in *Heav'n*,] for thither ye would bring
His Royal Head, the only secure *Roome*
For *Kings*, where such as you, will never come.
To keep th'Estates o'th'Subjects you pretend;
Reserv'd [in your own *Trunkes*] You will defend
The *Church* of *England*, 'tis your *Protestation*;
But that's *New-England*, by a small *Reservation*.
In allowing *Perjuries*.
Pow'r of *Dispensing Oaths* the *Papists* claime;
Case hath got leave *of God* to do the same.
For you do hate all *Swearing* so, that when
You've Sworn an *Oath*, ye *break* it streight agen.
A Curse upon you! which hurts most these Nations,
Cavaliers Swearing, or your *Protestations*?
Nay, though *Oaths* be by you so much abhorr'd,
Y'allow *God damn me* in the *Puritan Lord*.
They keep the *Bible* from *Lay-men*, but ye
Avoid this, for ye have no *Laycty*.
In an *unintelligible Worship*.
They, in a *forraign* and, *unknown Tongue* pray,
You in an *unknown Sence* your prayers say:
So that this difference 'twixt ye does ensue,
Fools understand not *them*, not *Wise men you*.
They an unprofitable zeal have got,
Of *Invocating Saints* that *hear them not*.
'Twere well you did so, nought may more be fear'd
In your fond Prayers, than that they *should be heard*.

To

To them your *Non-sence* well enough might pass,
They'd ne'er see that i'th' *Divines Looking-Glass*.
Nay, whether you'd worship *Saints* is not known,
For y'have as yet of your *Religion* none.
They by *good-works* think to be justifi'd,
You into the same Error deeper slide;
You think by *Works* too *justifi'd* to be,
And those *ill Works*, *Lies*, *Treason*, *Perjurie*.
But oh! your Faith is mighty, that hath been,
As true Faith ought to be, of things *unseen*.
At *Wor'ster*, *Brainford* and *Edg-hill*, we see,
Only by Faith y'have got the *Victory*.
Such is your Faith, and some such unsee n way
The *publique Faith* at last your *debts* will pay.
They hold *free-will* (that nought thier Souls may bind)
As the great Priviledge of all *Mankind*.
You're here more *moderate*, for 'tis your intent,
To make't a Priv'ledg, but of *Parliament*.
They forbid *Priests* to marry, you worse do,
Their marriage you allow, yet punish too:
For you'd make *Priests* so poor, that upon all
Who *marry*, scorn and *beggary* must fall.
They a bold pow'r o'er sacred *Scriptures* take,
Blot out some Clauses, and some new ones make.
Your great *Lord Jesuite Brookes* publiquely said,
(*Brookes* whom too *little learning* hath made *Mad*)
That to correct the *Creed* ye should do well,
And blot out *Christs descending into Hell*.
Repent wild-man, or you'll ne'er change, I fear,
The *sentence* of your *own descending there*.
Yet modestly they use the *Creed*, for they
Would take the *Lord's Pray'r Root and Branch* away.
And wisely said a *Levite* of our nation,
The *Lord's Pray'r* was a *Popish Innovation*.
Take heed, you'll grant ere long it should be said,
An't be but to derive your *Daily Bread*.
They keep the *people*, *ignorant*, and you
Keep both the *people*, and your selves so too,
They *blind obedience* and *blind duty* teach;
You *blind Rebellion* and *blind faction* preach.
Nor can I blame you much, that ye advance
That which can onely save ye, *Ignorance*;

Both hold *Justification* by *Works*, the one by *Good* the other by *Ill Works*.

Free-will one holds belongs to *all men*, the other only to *Parliament men*.

They agree in interlining *Scriptures* and *Creeds*.

In *Implicit Faith*.

Though

Though Heaven be praised, t'has oft been proved well
Your *Ignorance* is not *Invincible*.
Nay such bold lies to *God* himself ye vaunt,
As if you'd fain keep him too, *Ignorant*.

One believes *Purgatory* hereafter, & the other, erects a *Purgatory* here.

Limbus and *Purgatory* they believe,
For *lesser Sinners*, that is, I conceive.
Malignants only; you this Trick does please,
For the same Cause ye've made new *Limbuses*,
Where we may lye imprison'd long ere we
A *Day* of *Judgment* in your Courts shall see.
But *Pym* can, like the *Pope*, with this dispence;
And for a *Bribe*, deliver *Souls* from thence.

The *Assembly* of *Divines* as *infallible* as a *general Council*.

Their *Councils* claim *Infallibility*,
Such must your *Conventicle Synod* be:
And Teachers from all parts of th'Earth ye call,
To make't a *Council*, *Oecumenical*.
They sev'ral times appoint from *Meats t'abstain*;
You now for the *Irish* Wars, a *Fast* ordain:
And that that Kingdom might be sure to *Fast*,

One fasts *Frydays* & *Eves*, the other all *Sundays*.

Ye take a Course to *Starve* them all at last.
Nay though ye keep no *Eves*, *Fridays*, nor *Lent*,
Not to dress Meat on *Sundays* you're Content;
Then you Repeat, Repeat, and Pray, and Pray;
Your *Teeth* keep *Sabbath*, and *Tongues*, *Working day*.

Both have their *Reliques*.

They preserve *Reliques*, you have few or none,
Unless the *Clout* sent to *John Pym* by one.
Or *Holleses* Rich *Widdow*, She who carry'd
A *Relique* in her *Wombe*, before she marry'd.

Both claime to succeed St. *Peter*.

They in *Succeeding Peter* take a Pride;
So do you; for your *Master* ye've *deny'd*.
But chiefly *Peter's Priviledge* ye choose,
At your own wills to *Bind* and to *Unloose*.
He was a *Fisherman*; you'll be so too,
When nothing but your *Ships* are left to you.
He went to *Rome*, to *Rome* you *Backward Ride*,
(Though both your goings are by some denyed.)
Nor is't a Contradiction, if we say,
You go to *Rome* the *quite Contrary way*;
He dy'd o'th' *Cross*; that death's unusual now;
The *Gallows* is most like't, and that's for you.

The one for *Church Musick* the

They love *Church Musick*, it offends your sence,
And therefore ye have *sung* it out from thence.

Which

Which shews, if right your mind be understood,
You hate it not as *Musick* but as *Good*.
Your *Madness* makes you *Sing* as much as they
Dance, who are bit with a *Tarantula*.
But do not to your selves alas appear,
The most *Religious Traytors* that eer' were;
Because your Troopes *Singing* of *Psalmes* do goe;
There's many a Traytor has marcht *Holborn* so.
Nor was't your wit this holy project bore;
Tweed and the *Tyne* has seen those Tricks before.
They of strange *Miracles* and *Wonders tell*,
You are *your selves* a kind of *Miracle*;
Even such a *Miracle* as in writ divine
We read o'th' *Devils* hurrying down the *Swine*.
They have made *Images* to speak, 'tis said,
You a dull *Image* have your *Speaker* made;
And that your bounty in *offerings* might abound,
Y'have to that *Idol* giv'n six thousand pound,
They *drive out* Devils they say; here ye begin
To differ, I confess; you *let them in*.
They maintain *Transubstantiation*;
You by a *Contrary Philosophers stone*,
To *Transubstantiate Metalls* have the skill;
And turn the *Kingdoms Gold* to Iron and *Steel*.
Pth' *Sacrament* ye differ but 'tis noted,
Bread must be *Flesh*, *Wine Blood*, if e'r it be *voted*.
They make the *Pope* their *Head*, y'exalt for him
Primate and *Metropolitane*, Master *Pym*;
Nay *White*, who sits i'th' *Infallible Chaire*,
And most infallably speaks Nonsence there;
Nay *Cromwel*, *Pury*, *Whistler*, Sir *John Wray*,
He who does *say*, and *say*, and *say*, and *say*.
Nay *Lowry* who does new *Church-Gover'ment* wish,
And *Prophesies*, like *Jonas*, 'midst the *Fish*,
Who can such *various business* wisely sway,
Handling both *Herrings* and *Bishops* in one day.
Nay all your Preachers Women, Boys, and Men,
From *Master Calamy* to *Mistress Wen*,
Are perfect *Popes* in their own *Parish* grown;
For to outdoe the story of *Pope Joan*:
Your Women *Preach* too, and are like to be
The *Whores* of *Babylon*, as much as *She*.

other for *Singing* without *Musick*.

For't boast their *Miracles*.

Each hath a several *Transubstantiation*.

Both *Infallible* in *Cathedra*.

They

Both for *deposing Kings*; the one by *fair means*, the other by *Foul*.

They *depose Kings* by *Force*, by *Force* you'd do't,
But first use *fair means* to persuade them to it.
They dare *kill Kings*, and 'twixt ye here's the strife,
That you dare shoot at *Kings*, to save their *Life*.
And what's the diff'rence, 'pray, whether he fall
By the *Popes Bull*, or your *Oxe General*?
Three Kingdoms thus ye strive to make your own;
And like the *Pope* usurp a *Triple Crown*.
Such is your *Faith*, such your *Religion*,

Their Avarice

Let's view your *Manners* now, and then I've done.
Your *Cov'teousness* let gasping *Ireland* tell,
Where first the *Irish Lands*, and next ye *sell*
The *English Blood*, and raise *Rebellion* here,
With that which should suppress, and quench it there.
What mighty summs have ye squeez'd out o'th' *City*?
Enough to make 'em *Poor*, and *something Witty*.
Excise, *Loans*, *Contributions*, *Pole-moneys*,
Bribes, *Plunder*, and such *Parliament Priv'ledges*,
Are words which you ne'er learnt in Holy Writ,
'Till th' *Spirit* and your *Synod* mended it.
Where's all the *Twentieth part* now which hath been
Paid you by some, to forfeit the *Nineteen*?
Where's all the Goods *distrain'd*, and *Plunders* past?
For you're grown wretched, *pilfring* knaves at last,
Descend to *Brass* and *Pewter*, till of late,
Like *Midas*, all ye *touche*, must needs be *Plate*.

Their *Ambition*

By what vast hopes is your *Ambition* fed?
'Tis writ in *Blood* and may be plainly read.
You must have *Places* and the Kingdom sway,
The *King* must be a Ward to your *Lord Say*.
Your Inn'cent *Speaker* to the *Rolles* must rise,

Lord Privy Seal.

Six thousand Pound hath made him *proud* and *wise*.
Kimbolton for his *Fathers place* doth call,
Would be like him, would he were, *Face* and *all*.

Pennington

Isaack would always be *Lord Mayor* and so,
May always be, as much as he is now.
For the *Five Members*, they so richly thrive,
That they would always be, but *Members Four*.
Only, *Pym* doth his Natural right enforce,
By th' Mothers side he's *Master* of the *Horse*.
Most shall have *Places* by these pop'lar tricks,
The rest must be content with *Bishopricks*.

For

For 'tis against Superstition your intent,
First to root [illegible] Church Document,
Money and Lands, your Sword also [illegible],
Against the [illegible], not his Cry, or Dram.
O let not such lewd *Sacrilege* begin,
Tempted by *Henrie's* rich successful Sin.
Henry the monster *King* of all that age;
VVild in his *Lust*, but wilder in his Rage.
Expect not you his Fate, though *Hotham* thrives
In imitating *Henrie's* tricks for *Wives*
Nor fewer Churches hopes than *Wives* to see
Buried, and then their Lands his own to be.
Ye boundless Tyrants, how do you outvy,
Th' *Athenians* Thirty, *Romes Decemviry*?
In *Rage' Injustice' Cruelty* as far
Above those men, as you in Number are.
What *Mist'ries* of *Iniquity* doe we see?
New Prisons made to defend *Libertie*;
Our Goods forc'd from us for propri'ti's sake;
And all the Real Non-scence which ye make.
Ship-money was unjustly ta'en, ye say;
Unjustlier far, you take the *Ships* away.
The *High Commission*, you call'd Tyranny.
Ye did; Good God! what is the *High-Committy*?
Ye said that gifts, and bribes preferments bought,
By money and blood too, they now are sought.
To the Kings will the Laws men strove to draw;
The Subjects will, is now become the Law.
'Twas fear'd a New Religion would begin;
All new Religions, now are entred in.
The King *Delinquents* to protect did strive;
What Clubs, Pikes, Halberts, Lighters, sav'd the Five?
You think the *Parliament*, like your State of Grace,
What ever sins men do, they keep their Place.
Invasions then were fear'd against the State.
And *Strode* swore last year would be eighty-eight.
You bring in Forraign Aid to your designs;
First those great Forraign Forces of Divines,
With which Ships from *America* were fraught.
Rather may stinking Tobacco still be brought.
From thence, I say: next ye the *Scots* invite,
Which ye term Brotherly assistance right;
For *England* you intend with them to share:
They who alas! but younger Brothers are,

Their Tirany.

The Counterfiet grivances of the *Kings Reign* compared with the Royal ones of their Usurpation.

viz. 1642.

Must have the [illegible]
The *Houses* [illegible]
We thank [illegible]
Whilst scratches [illegible] cure.
We thank ye for true real fears at last,
Which free us from so many false ones past.
We thank ye for the Blood which fats our Coast,
As a just debt paid to great *Strafford's* Ghoast.)
We thank ye for the ills Receiv'd, and all
Which yet by your good care, in time we shall.
We thank ye, and our gratitude's as great
As yours, when you thank't God for being beat.

The Character of an *HOLY-SISTER*.

She that can sit three *Sermons* in a day,
And of those three, scarce bear three *Words* away.
She that can Rob her Husband, to repair
A Budget *Priest* that *Noses* a long Prayer.
She that with *Lamb-black*, purifies her *shoes*,
And with half Eyes and Bible, softly goes;
She that her Pockets with *Lay-Gospel* stuffs,
And edifies her looks with little *Ruffs*.
She that loves *Sermons* as she does the rest,
Still standing stiff, that longest are the best.
She that will *Ly*, yet swear, she hates a Lyer,
Except it be the man, that will Lye by *her*.
She that at Christenings, thirsteth for more *Sack*,
And draws the broadest handkerchief for *Cake*.
She that sings Psalms devoutly next the street,
And beats her maid, ith' kitching where none see't.
She that will sit in shop for five hours space,
And register the sins of all that pass.
Damn at first sight, and proudly dares to say,
That none can possibly be sav'd, but they.
That hangs *Religion* in a naked Ear,
And judge mens hearts, according to their Hair.
That could afford to doubt, who wrote best sence,
Moses or *Dod* on the *Commandments*.
She that can sigh and cry, Queen *Elizabeth*,
Rail at the *Pope*, and scratch out sudden death.
And for all this can give no reason why,
This is an holy sister verily.

THE

Assembly-man;

Written by Sir John Birkenhead; *in the Year* 1647.

ΘΕΟΦΡΑΣΤ. Χαρακτ. ιζ'.
ΠΕΡΙ ΕΡΙΣΤΙΚΟΥ.

He seditiously stirs up men to fight, will teach others the way whereof himself is most ignorant; and persuades men to take Oath, because himself had sworn it before.

LONDON,

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20412

READER,

THis Pamphlet was torn from me by those who say they cannot rob, because all is theirs. They found it where it slept many years forgotten; but they 'waken'd it, and made false Transcripts. They Exciz'd what they liked not; so mangled and Reform'd, that 'twas no Character of an Assembler, but of themselves. A Copy of that Reformling had crept to the Press. I seiz'd and stopt it, unwilling to Father other mens sins. Here therefore you have it (as 'twas first scribled) without addition of a syllable; I wish I durst say here's nothing lopt off. But men and manners are chang'd, at least they say so. If yet this trifle seem born with teeth, you know whose hands were knuckle-deep in the blood of that renowned Chancellor of Oxon (Arch-bishop LAUD) though when they cut up that great Martyr, his two greatest Crimes were the two greatest Glories Great Britain can boast of, St. Paul's Church and the Oxford Library. Where you find no coherence, remember this Paper hath suffer'd Decimation: Better times have made it worse, and that's no fault of.

I. Berkenhead.

THE Assembly-man.

AN *Assembler* is part of the *States* Chattels: not *Priest*, not *Purgatory*, but a *Participle* that shark's upon both. He was chosen, as Sir *Nathaniel*, because he knew least of all his Profession: not by the Votes of a Whole Diocese, but by one whole Parliament-man. He ha's sate four years *towards* a new Religion, but in the interim left none at all; as his Masters, the *Commons* had along Debate, *whether Candles or no Candles*, but all the mean while sate still in the Dark: And therefore when the Moon quits her old Light, and has acquir'd no new, Astronomers say she is in her *Synodes*. Shew me such a Picture of *Judas* as the *Assembler*, (a griping, false, Reforming Brother: rail's at *Waste* spent upon the *Anointed*; persecutes most those Hands which *Ordain'd* him; brings in *men with swords, and staves*; and all for Money from the Honourable *Scribes* and *Pharisees*.) One Touch more (a Lint tyed to his Name-sake *Elder-tree*) had made him *Judas*, Root and Branch. This *Assembly* at first was a full Century; which should be reckon'd as the Scholiast's *Hecatomb*, by their Feet, not Heads: or coune them by Scores, for in things without Heads Six-score go to an Hundred. They would be a New *Septuagint*; the Old translated Scripture out of *Hebrew* into *Greek*, these turn in to *four shillings a day*. And and these *Assemblers* were begot in one day, as *Hercules's* fifty Bastards all in one night. Their first List was sprinkled with some names of Honour, (Dr. *Sanderson*, Dr. *Morley*, Dr. *Hammond*, &c.) But these were *Divines*, too worthy to mix with such *sedulous Ministers*, and would not *Assemble* without the *Royal Call*. Nay, the first List had one Archbishop, one Bishop, and an Half, (for Bishop *Brownrig* was then but *Elect*.) But now their *Assembly* (as Philosophers think the World) consists of *Atoms*, petty small Levites, whose *Parts* are not *perceptible*. And yet these inferior pollern Teachers have intoxicated *England* (for a man sometimes grow's drunk by a Glister.) When they all meet, they shew Beasts in *Africk*, by promiscuous coupling engender Monsters. Mr *Selden* visit's them (as *Persians* use) to see *wild Asses* fight: when the *Commons* have tyr'd him with their new Law, these Brethren refresh him with their mad Gospel. They lately were gravell'd 'twixt *Jerusalem* and *Jericho*; they knew not the distance 'twixt those two places: one cry'd twenty miles, another ten, 'twas concluded seven, for this reason, that *Christ was brought from* Jericho *to* Jerusalem

market

marks: Mr *Brinton* [illegible] and said [illegible] their mouths. Earl *Philip* goes thither to [illegible] them toss their *National*, *Provincial*, *Classical*, *Congregational*; he swore *damnably*, that a pack of good Dogs made better [illegible]. His Allusion was porper, since the *Elder's Mind* had a [illegible] *Husband*. To speak truth, this *Assembly* is the *two Houses* [illegible] *Lords* and *Commons* put on their Visards and Masques of Religion. And these *Honors* have so *sifted* the Church, that at last they have found the *Bran* of the Clergy. Yet such poor Church-menders must Reform and shuffle; though they find Church Government may a thousand wayes be chang'd for the worse, but not one way for the better. These have lately publish'd *Annotations* on the Bible, where their first Note (on the word *CREATE*) is a Libel against Kings for creating of Honors. Their *Annotation* on *Jacob's* two Kids, is, that *two Kids are too much for one man's supper*: but *he had* (say they) *but one Kid and the other made Sauce*. They observe upon *Herod*, what a Tyrant he was, to kill Infants under two years old, *without* giving *them legal Trial*, that they might speake for themselves. Commonly they follow the *Geneva* Margin, as those Sea-men who understood not the *Compass* crept a long the Shore. But *I* hear they threaten a *second Edition*, and in the interim thrust forth a paultry *Catechism*, which expounds Nine *Commandements*, and Eleven Articles of the *Creed*. Of late they are much in love with *Chronograms*, because (if possible) they are duller than *Anagrams*; O how they have torn the poor Bishops names to pick out the number 666! little dreaming that a whole Bakers dozen of their own Assembly have that beastly number in each of their Names, and that as exactly as their *Solemn League* and *Covenant* consist's of 666 words. But though the *Assembler's* Brains are Lead, his Countenance is Brass; for he damned such as held two benefices, while himself has four or five, besides his Concubine *Lectures*. He is not against *Pluralities*, but *Dualities*; He says it is unlawful to have two of his own, though four of other mens; and observes how the Hebrew word for *Life* has no singular number. Yet it is some relief to a sequestred person to see two *Assemblers* snarl for his Tithes, for of all kind of beasts none can match an *Assembler* but an *Assembler*. He never enters a Church by the Door, but clambers up through a Window of *Sequestration*, or steals in through Vaults and Cellars by Clandestine Contracts with an Expecting Patron. He is most sure no Law can hurt him, for Laws dyed in *England* the year before the *Assembler* was born. The best way to hold him, is (as our King *Richard* bound the King of *Cyprus*) in *silver chains*. He loves to discourse of the *New Jerusalem*, because her streets are of fine *Gold*, and yet could like *London* as well, were *Cheapside* payed with the *Philosopher's Stone*. Nay, he would say his Prayers with *Beads*, if he might have a Set made of all Diamonds. This, this is it which tempts him to such mad Articles against the *Loyal Clergy*, whom

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(though his best *medium* to prove *Presbyters* more antient than *Bishops*, is, that *Scribes*, *Pharisees*, *Priests* and *Elders* where before the *Apostles*;) Yet if a Scholar or good Argument come, he flies them as much as if they were his Text. This made him curse Dr. *Stewart*, Dr. *Lowry* and Dr. *Hammond*, and had he not had more Brass in his Face than in his Kitchin, he had hang'd himself at *Uxbridge*, and ended with that *Treaty*. For he has nought of *Logick*, but her *clutch'd fist*, and rail's at *Philosophy* as Beggars do at Gentlemen. He has very bad luck when he deals in *Philologie*, as one of them (and that no mean man) who in his preface to the Reader, sayes, that St. *Paul had read Eustathius upon Homer*, though the *Apostle dyed* a thousand years before *Eustathius* was born. The *Assembers* Dyet is strangely different, for he dines wretchedly on dry Bread at *Westminster*, four *Assemblers* for 13 pence: But this sharpens and *Whets him* for supper, where he feeds gratis with his City-Landlord, to whom he brings a huge Stomach and News; for which Cramm'd Capons cram him. He screws into Families where is some rich Daughter or Heir; but whoever takes him into their bosom, will dye like *Cleopatra*. VVhen it rains he is Coach'd (a *Classis* of them together) rouling his Eyes to mark who beholds him. His shortest things are his hair and his Cloack. His hair is cut to the figure of 3; two high Cliffs run up his Temples, whose Cap of shorn hair shoots down his Forehead, with Creeks indented, where his Ears ride at Anchor. Had this false Prophet been carryed with *Habbakuk*, the *Angel* had caught fast hold of his *Ears*, and led him as he leads his Auditory. His Eyes are part of his Tithe at *Easter*, which he boyles at each Sermon. He has two Mouths, his Nose is one, for he speaks through both. His hands are not in his Gloves but his Gloves in his Hands, for 'twixt sweatings that is, Sermons, he handles little else, except his dear Mammon. His Gown (I mean his Cloak) reaches but his pockets: when he rides in that mantle, with a Hood on his shoulders and a hat above both, is he not then his own *Man of sin* with the *Triple Crown*? you would swear some honest Carpenter dress'd him, and made him the Tunnel of a Country Chimney. His Doublet and Hose are of dark Blew, a grain deeper than pure *Coventry*: but of late he's in Black, since the Loyal Clergy were persecuted into Colors. His two longest things are his *Nayls* and his *Prayer*. But the cleanest thing about him is his *Pulpit-Cushion*, for he still beats the Dust out of it. To do him right. commonly he wears a pair of good Lungs, whereby he turns the Church into a Belfry, for his Clapper makes such a Din, you cannot hear the *Cymball* for the *Tinkling*. If his pulpit be large he walks his Round, and speaks as from a Garrison, (his own Neck is Palizado'd with a Ruff) VVhen he first enters his prayer before Sermon, he whiks and gasps, and gasps and winks, as if he prepared to preach in another world, He seems in a slumber, then in a Dream; then rumbles a while, at last sounds forth, and then throws

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so much Dirt and Non-sence towards *Heaven*, as he durst not offer to a Member of Parliament. Now because Scripture bids him *not curse the King in his thought*, he does it in his Pulpit by word of mouth, though heaven strike him Dumb in the very Act, as it did *Hill* at *Cambridge*, who whise he pray'd, *Depose Him, O Lord, who would depose us*, was made the *dumb Devil*. This (one would think) should *gargle* his foul mouth. For his only hope why God should hear him against the King, is the Devil himself (that great *Assembler*) was heard against *Job*. His whole prayer is such an irrational Bleating, that (without a Metaphor) 'tis the *Calves of his Lipps*: And commonly 'tis larded with fine new words, as *Savingable*, *Muchly*, *Christ-Jesusnes*, &c. and yet he has the face to preach against *Prayer in an unknown Tongue*. Sometimes he is founder'd, and then there is such hideous Coughing: But that is very seldom, for he can glibly run over Non-sence, as an empty Cart trundles down a Hill. VVhen the King girt round the Earl of *Essex* at *Lestythiell*, an *Assembler* complained that *God had drawn his People into the Wilderness*, and told Him, *He was bound in honour to feed them; for, Lord*, said he, *since thou givest them no Meat, we pray thee, O Lord, to give them no Stomachs*. He tore the *Liturgie*, because, forsooth, it shackled his Spirit, (he would be a Devil without a *circle*;) and now if he see the Book of *Common-prayer*, the fire sees it next, as sure as the Bishops were burned who compiled it. Yet he has mercy on *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*, because their *Meeters* are sung without Authority (no Statute, Canon, or Injunction at all;) only like himself, first crept into private houses, and then into Churches. Mr. *Rous* moved those *Meeters* might be sequestred, and his own new Rithmes to enjoy the sequestration; but was refused because *John Hopkins* was as ancient as *John Calvin*; Besides, when *Rous* stood forth for his Trial, *Robin Wisdom* was found the better Poet. 'Tis true, they have a *Directory*, but 'tis good for nothing but *Adoniram*, who sold the *Original* for 400 l. And the Book must serve both *England* and *Scotland* as the *Directory Needle* point's North and South. The *Assembler's* only ingenuity is, that he prays for an *ex tempore* Spirit, since his Conscience tells him he has no Learning. His prayer thus ended, he then looks round, to observe the Sex of his Congregation, and accordingly turns the Apostle's Men, Fathers, and Brethren, into Dear Brethren and Sisters. For, his usual Auditory is most-part Female; and as many Sisters flock to him, as at *Paris* on Saint *Margarets day*, when all come to Church that are, or hope to be with child that year. He divides his Text as he did the Kingdom, makes one part fight against another: or as *Burges* divides the Dean of *Paul's* House, not into parts, but Tenements, that is, so as 'twill yield most money. And properly they are Tenements; for each part must be dwelt upon, though himself comes near it but once a Quarter; and so his Text is rather let out than *Divided*. Yet sometimes (to shew his skill in *Rechgrmm*,) he *Butchers* a

Text, cuts it (just as the *Levite* did his *Concubine*) into many dead parts, breaking the sence and words all to pieces, and then they are not divided, but shattered like the Splinters of *Don Quixot's* Lance. If his Text be to the occasion, his first Dish is *Apples of Gold, in Pictures of Silver*; yet tells not the People what Pictures those were. His Sermon and prayer grin at each other, the one is *Presbyterian*, the other Independent, for he preaches up the *Classes*, yet prays for the Army. Let his Doctrine and Reason be what they will, his *Use is still to save his Benefice and augment his Lecture*. He talks much of *Truth*, but abhorrs *Peace*, lest it strip him as *naked* as *Truth*, and therefore hates a personal Treaty, unless with a Sister. He has a more simpering way of expressions he calls a Married Couple *Saints that enjoy the mistery*, & a man Drunk, is *a Brother full of the Creature*. Yet at Wedding Sermons he is very familiar, & (like that Picture in the Church at *Leyden*) shews *Adam* & *Eve* without *Figleaves*. At Funerals he gives infallible Signs that the Party is gone to *Heaven*, but his chief Mark of a *child of God*, is *to be good to God's Ministers*. And hence it is he calls his Preachment *Manna*, fitted not to his hearers *Necessity*, but their *Palat*; for 'tis to feed himself, not them. If he chance to tire, he refreshes himself with the Peoples *Hum*, as a Collar of Bells to chear up a Pack-horse. 'Tis no wonder he'll preach, but that any will hear him, (and his constant Auditors do but shew the length of their Ears;) For he is such an Ἀβελτεροπνευξ that to hear him makes good Scholars sick, but to read him is death. Yet though you heard him three hours he'll ask a fourth, as the *Beggar* at *Delph* craves your Charity *because he eats four pound of Bread at a Meal*. 'Twas from his Larum the *Watch-makers* learn'd their *infinite Skrew*. His Glass and Text are equaly handled, that is, once an hour: nay sometimes he sally's and ever returns, and then we should leave him to the Company of *Lorimers*, for he must be held with Bit and Bridle. Who ever once has been at his Church can never doubt the History of *Balaam*. If he have got any new Tale or Expression, 'tis easier to make stones speak than him to hold his peace. He hates a Church where there is an *Echo*, for it Robs him of his dear *Repetition*, and confounds the Auditory as well as he. But of all Mortals I admire the *Short-hand-men*, who have the patience to write from his Mouth: had they the art to shorten it into Sense, they might write his whole Sermon on the back of their Nail. For his Invention consists in finding a way to speak nothing upon any thing; and were he in the *Grand Seignior's* power, he would lodge him with his *Mutes*; for *Nothing* and *Nothing to purpose* are all one. I wonder in conscience he can preach against *Sleeping* at his *Opium-Sermons*. He preaches indeed both in season and out of season; for he rayl's at Popery, when the Land is almost lost in Presbytery; and would cry out *Fire, Fire*, in *Noah's Flood*. Yet all this he so acts with his *Hands*, that in this sence too his Preaching is an *Handicraft*. Nor can we complain that Plays

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are put down while he can preach, save only his *Sermons* have worse sence and less truth. But he blew down the Stage and preach'd up the *Scaffold*. And very wisely, lest men should track him, and find where he pilfers all his best *Similes*, (the only thing wherein he is commendable, St *Paul* himself having cull'd Sentences from *Menander's Thais*, though 'twas his worst, that is, unchast Comedy.) Sometimes the *Assembler* will venture at the Original, and then (with the translator of *Don Quixot*) he mistakes *Sabs* and *Sighs* for *Eggs* and *Collops*. But commonly (for want of *Greek* and *Latin*) he learns *Hebrew*, and streight is *illuminated*, that is, mad: his Brain is broke by a Brickbat cast from the Tower of *Babel*. And yet this empty windy Teacher has *Levied* a War quite round the Kingdom: he has found a *Circulation of blood* for *Destruction* (as famous *Harvey* for *Preservation*) of Mankind. 'Twas ease to foresee a great Mortality, when Ravens were heard in all *Corporations*. For, as Multitude of Froggs presage a Pestilence, so croaking *Lecturers* foretold an *Assembly*. Men come to Church, as the Great *Alexander* went to Sacrifice, led by Crows. You have seen a small *Elder-tree* grow in chinks and clefts of Church-walls, it seems rather a *Weed* than a *Tree*; which, lend it growth, makes a Rent in the Wall, and throws down the Church. Is not this the *Assembler*? grown from Schisms (which himself begot,) and if permitted, will make the Church but a *Floor* or *Church-yard*. Yet, for all this, he will be call'd *Christ's Minister* and Saint, as the Rebells against King *John* were the *Army of God*. Sure when they meet they cannot but smile; for the dullest amongst them needs must know that they all cheat the people, such gross, low impostors, that we die the death of the Emperor *Claudius*, poyson'd by *Mushrooms*. The old Heretick shad Skill & Learning (some excuse for a Seduced Church, those were *Scholars*), but these *Assemblers*, whose very Brains (as *Manichæus's* skin) are stuff'd with *Chaff*. For they study little, & preach much, ever sick of a *Diabetes*: nor do they *read*, but *weed* Authors, picking up cheap & refuse Notes, that with *Caligula* they gather Cockle-shells, & with *Domitian* retire into their Studie to catch Flies. At *Fasts* & *Thanksgivings* the *Assembler* is the *State's* Trumpet; for then he doth not *preach*, but is *blown*, proclaims News very loud, the Trumpet and his Forehead being both of one Metall. (And yet, good man, he still prays for *Boldness*.) He hackneys out his Voice like a Cryer; and is a kind of *Spiritual Agitant*, receives Orders, and spreads them. In earnest the *States* can't want this Tool, for without him the *Saints* would scarce *Assemble*. And if the Zealots chance to fly out, they are charm'd home by this *Sounding Brass*. There is not on earth a baser Sycophant; for he ever is chewing some *Vote* or *Ordinance*, and tells the People how *savoury* it is; like him who lick'd up the Emperor's spittle and swore 'twas sweet. Would the *two Houses* give him *Cathedral Lands*, he would prove *Lords* and *Commons* to be *Jure Divino*: but should they offer him the *Self-denying-*

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Ordinance he would justifie the Devil and curse them to their faces, (his Brother Kirk-man did it in *Scotland*.) 'Tis pleasant to observe how finely they play into each others hands. *Marshall* procures thanks to be given to *Sedgwick* (for his great pains) *Sedgwick* obtains as much for *Marshall*, and so they all pimp for one another. But yet (to their great comfort be it spoken) their whole seven years Sermons at *Westminster* are now to be sold in *Fetter-lane* and *Pyecorner*. Before a Battail the *Assembler* ever speaks to the Souldiers, and the holding up of his hands must be as necessary as *Moses*'s against the *Amalekites*; for he pricks them on, tells them that *God loves none but the valiant*: but when Bullets fly, Himself runs first, and then cryes *All the sons of Adam are cowards!* Were there any *Metempsychosis* his Soul would want a Lodging; no single Beast could fit him, being wise as a Sheep and innocent as a Wolf. His sole comfort is, he cannot out-sin *Hugh Peters*: Sure, as Satan hath possessed the *Assembler*, so *Hugh Peters* hath possessed Satan, and he is the Devil's Devil. He alone would fill a whole Herd of *Gadarens*. He hath suck'd Blood ever since he lay in the *Butcher's* Sheets: and now (like his *Sultan*) has a Shambles in his Countenance, so crimson and torrid, you may there read how St. *Laurence* dyed, and think *the three Children* were delivered from his face. This is St. *Hugh*, who will *Level* the *Assembler*, or the *Devil's* an *Asse*. Yoke these Brethren, and they two couple like a *Sadducee* and a *Pharisee*, or a *Turk* and a *Persian*, both Mahumetans. But the *Assembler's* deepest, highest Abomination, is his *Solemn League and Covenant*; whereby he strives to *damn* or *beggar* the whole Kingdom; out-doing the Devil, who onely *perswades*, but the *Assembler forces* to *perjury* or *starving*. And this) whoever lives to observe it) will one day sink both him and his Faction: for he and his *Oath* are so much one, that were he half hang'd and let down again, his first word would be *Covenant! Covenant!*

But I forget, a *Character* should be brief (though *tedious Length* be his best Character.) Therefore I'll give ye (what He denyes the Sequestred Clergy) but a *fifth Part*. For weigh him single, and he has the pride of three Tyrants, the Forehead of six Coaches and the Fraud of twelve Brokers. Or take him in the Bunch, and their whole *Assembly* is a *Club* of Hypocrites, where six dozen of Schismatik Saints spend two hours for four shillings apiece.

FINIS.

A Proposal humbly offered for the Farming of Liberty of Conscience.

Written in the year 1663. By the Author of *Hudibras.*

SInce nothing can be dearer unto poor Christians than *Liberty*, or the free exercise of their *Judgments* and *Conscience*, which hath kindled that fire in the bowels of the three Kingdoms, which all the precious blood that hath been shed, during those late Troubles, hath not been able totally to extinguish: And since many of *Us*, whose Names are affixed, were so profitably instrumental in those late Combustions, as appears all along in our *Sermons* before the Honourable House of Parliament, in the Years 1642, 43, 44, 45, 46. in exciting the good people of this Nation, to seek and maintain their *Christian Liberty*, against all *Prelatical* and *Antichristian Imposition* whatsoever. And considering that the Little Finger of Apostasie from our first Love, would be a greater burden upon our *Tender Consciences*, than the Loyns of Episcopacy. We being more bound in Honour than *Conscience*, cannot totally desist; neither need any man fear, or so much as suspect, lest any Inconvenience or Alteration should happen in Religion, by the great diversity of Opinions, Tongues, and Languages, tolerated amongst us, unless in the great *Babel* of *Episcopacy*, that may possibly be pulled down and destroyed by this our *notable Confusion*; for, if the Gospel was wonderfully spread abroad by every mans speaking in his own Language, and the very Enemies thereof astonished, and miraculously wrought into a belief of it: how it is likely to be now obstructed in the free exercise of our *Spiritual Gifts*, with these our *cloven* and *divided* Tongues. And since many worthy persons from whom we might little expect it, but far less deserve it, out of their Goodness and Clemency, are pleased to encline to some *Liberty*, did not some persons, Aliens and Strangers to the *Common-wealth* of *Israel*, take up a Reproach against us, as Persons reprobated into an un-

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possibility of submission to Principles of *Concord, Peace, and Order*, in Church or State, never being able hitherto to come to any consistency amongst our selves; The Ark of God having, for twenty years together, been exposed to by-ways, Streets, and worse places, for want of an Agreement amongst our own Brethren where to rest it, or how to entertain it. If this be our Case, and could we be sure of so much favour as *Saul* once desired of *Samuel*, that the *Bishops* would but *honour* us before the People, We would in a private Christian way, lay our hands upon our hearts, and acknowledge the hand of God, and the Justice thereof, in turning us out of his Vineyard, as wicked and *unprofitable Servants*, and to suffer the iniquity of our heels to overtake us; crying out with reverend Mr. *Calamy*, *The Ark of God is justly departed from us*; but being not yet thus assured, do hope the people will yet believe these to be only Bears skins lap'd about us by Episcopal hands: And therefore to the end that a *Consistency*, and *Oneness* of Judgment of the whole separating Brethren, and their Moderation, may be known unto all men, and that the World may know, that there is a Spirit of Rule and Government resting in us;

IT is humbly proposed to the Sole Power of granting Licences and Indulgences for Liberty of Conscience, *within the Kingdom of* England, *Dominion of* Wales, *and Town of* Barwick, *may be vested in the Persons under named for the Term of seven years, under the Farm Rent of an hundred Thousand Pounds* per Annum, *to Commence from the twenty fifth day of* March *next, under such Rates and Qualifications as are hereafter specified.*

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The Names of the Grand Commissioners and Farmers of *Liberty of Conscience*; proposed on Monday, *March* 2. 1662. being the day of a private Fast, kept by Mr. *Calamy*, Mr. *Baxter*, and others, at Mr. *Beal*'s house, near my Lord of *Ely*'s Chappel in *Holborn*.

Mr. *Edmund Calamy*.
Mr. *Tilham* late of *Colchester*.
Mr. *Philip Nye*.
Mr. *Peak*.
Mr. *Stanley* of *Dorchester*.
George Fox, Executor of the last Will and Testament of *James Nailor* deceased.
Doctor *Lazarus Seaman*.
Mr. *Dell*, late of *Cambridge*.
Doctor *Owen*.
Mr. *Bryan*, late of *Coventry*.
Mr. *Matthew Mead*.
Mr. *John Coppin*.
Dr. *Manton*.
Mr. *Kiffen*.
The Executor of Mr. *Venner*, lately executed.
Mr. *Thomas Case*.
Mr. *Rayner*, late of *Lincoln*.
Mr. *Ralph Venning*.
Mr. *Rogers*.
Mr. *Benn*, late of *Dorchester*.
Mr. *George Griffith*, late of *Charterhouse*.
The Executor of *Hugh Peters*, lately executed.
Mr. *George Newton*, late of *Taunton*.
Mr. *Dan. Dyke*, late of *Hertfordshire*.
Mr. *William Jenkins*.
Mr. *Fisher*, late of *Kent*.
Doctor *Thomas Goodwin*.
Mr. *Hammond*, late of *New-castle*.
Mr. *Peter Sterry*.
Mr. *Bridges*, late of *Yarmouth*.
Mr. *Joseph Carryll*.
Mr. *Tombes*, late of *Lancaster*.
Mr. *Leigh*, late of *Lumbard-street*.
Mr. *Mayo*, late of *Kingston*.
Mr. *Joshua Sprigg*.
Mr. *Henry Jessey*.
Mr. *Nemcomen* of *Dedham* in *Essex*.
Doctor *Tuckney* of *Cambridge*.
Doctor *Cornelius Burges*.
Mr. *Zachary Crofton*.
Doctor *Holmes*.
Mr. *John Cann*.
Mr. *Thomas Brooks*.

That the Persons aforesaid may be constituted *Grand Commissioners*, and Farmers of *Liberty* of *Conscience*, within the Kingdom of *England*, Dominion of *Wales*, and Town of *Berwick*, and may be im-

powred to set up one publick Office within the City of *London*, and to nominate and elect a convenient number of Registers, Clerks, and other Officers: And for the more certainty of all *Certificates* to be granted as is hereafter appointed, the said *Grand Commissioners* and *Farmers* may forme a common Seal to be known, and called by the common name of *The publick Seal of the Grand Commissioners and Farmers of Liberty of Conscience*, engraven, *An Ass without Ears, Braying*, with this Motto encircled, *Stat pro ratione Libertas*. And the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers, or any twenty four of them in the said Office assembled, may, from time to time, compound and agree for *Liberty of Conscience*, with any Person or Persons, under such Rates and Qualifications, as are hereafter specified.

That the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers, or any twenty four of them, may constitute and appoint, under the Publick Seal of the Office, Sub Commissioners, and other Officers, for every County within the said Kingdom, not exceeding the number of twelve for each County, whereof, seven to be a *Quorum*, who may compound and agree for *Liberty of Conscience*, with any person or persons, Select Congregations, Cities, Towns Corporate, Parishes, Hamlets, and Villages, by the great, or otherwise, within their respective Countries, not exceeding the Rates hereafter mentioned.

Rates to be observed in all Compositions for Liberty of Conscience.

	Per Annum.
A Presbyterian Minister.	5 0 0
A Ruling Elder.	4 0 0
A Deacon.	3 0 0
A Hearer, Male or Female in Fellowship to all Ordinances.	2 0 0

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A Common Hearer only	1	0	0
An Independant Paſtor	5		
A Teaching Elder	4	0	0
A Helper in Government	3	0	0
A Deacon	3	0	0
A Hearer Male or Female in Fellowſhip to all Ordinances.	2	0	0
A common Hearer only	1	0	0
A Baptiſt admitted to the Adminiſtration of all Ordinances	5	0	0
A preaching Aſſiſtant	4	0	0
An Elder in Office	3	0	0
A Deacon	2	0	0
A Hearer in Fellowſhip Male or Female to all Ordinances	2	0	0
A common Hearer only	1	0	0
A Fifth Monarcher admitted to hold forth	5	0	0
An Elder under the ſame Adminiſtration	3	0	0
A Deacon under the ſame Adminiſtration	3	0	0
A Hearer Male or Female in Fellowſhip according to the value of his or her Eſtate 2 s. *per* l. *per annum*.			
A common Hearer male or female according to the value of his or her Eſtate, 12 d. *per* l. *per annum*.			
A ſpeaking male Quaker	4	0	0
A ſpeaking female Quaker	3	0	0
A common Quaker male or Female	2	0	0
A Confeſſor	6	0	0
A Seminary of Maſs-Prieſt at large	5	0	0
A private Maſs-prieſt	3	0	0
A Roman Catholick in any other Order	3	0	0
A Roman Catholick not in order Male or Female	1	0	0
An Officer under any Adminiſtration not mentioned in the Rates aforeſaid, being a Native of *England*,			

ſuch

such only excepted as ſtand Conformable to the Church of *England*. ——— 5 0 0

A common perſon under any Adminiſtration not mentioned in the Rates aforeſaid, being a Native of *England*, ſuch only excepted as ſtand Conformable to the Church of *England*. ——— 2 0 0

An Officer under any Adminiſtration whatſoever, not a Native of *England*, except conformable to the Church of *England*. 10 0 0

A private perſon under any Adminiſtration whatſoever, not a Native of *England*, except conformable to the Church of *England* ——— 5 0 0

Rates to be obſerved in compounding for Liberty of Conſcience *in the Particulars following, viz.*

FOR Liberty to aſſert the Pope's Supremacy 10 0 0

For Liberty to write, ſpeak, or preach againſt the Government, as they ſhall be inwardly moved 5 0 0

For Liberty to keep on their Hats before Magiſtrates, or in Courts of Judicature ——— 2 0 0

For Liberty to rail publickly againſt the Biſhops and Common-Prayer ——— 1 0 0

For Liberty to refuſe all manner of Oaths, of Allegiance and Supremacy, or in Caſes Civil or Criminal ——— 2 0 0

For Liberty to deny Tithes and other Church Duties ——— 1 0 0

For

For Liberty to expound the *Revelations*, and the Book of *Daniel* 1 0 0

For liberty to disturb any Congregation after Sermon 0 10 0

For Liberty to assert the Solemn League and Covenant. 1 5 0

For liberty to instruct youth in the short Catechism, set forth by the Assembly of Divines. 0 10 0

That any Person or Persons gifted for any the Particulars above-said, may have Liberty therein, either as an *Itinerant*, in private or publick, at the Rates above-said.

That no person or persons be admitted to compound for *Liberty of Conscience*, untill he, or they, have first taken, and subscribed to the Solemn Protestation following, before the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers, or their Sub Commissioners respectively.

I A. B. do here solemnly protest, That I judge my self still bound by the Solemn League and Covenant, by the Engagement, by private Church-Covenant, or by any other Oath which I have taken ever since the Year 1641. And that so far as with Safety to my Person and Estate I may, I will endeavour the utter Extirpation of Episcopacy, and to the utmost of my Power, will abett and promote all Schism, Faction, and Discord, both in Church and State, according to the best form and manner, prescribed and laid open in the Sermons of many of the Grand Commissioners and Farmers, before the Parliament, appointed to be Printed, and now called the Pamphlets of the Separated Churches. And that I will never by what Constitution of Authority soever, whether Legal or Episcopal, ever consent to the Establish'd Doctrine and Discipline of the Church of *England*.

And I do likewise believe, That Liberty of Conscience was a mysterious, yet profitable Talent committed to the Churches, and that it may be lawfully Farmed out for Advantage and Improvement.

That

That no person within the Kingdom of *England*, Dominion of *Wales*, or Town of *Berwick*, may, from, and after the twenty fifth day of *March* next, use or exercise any manner of *Liberty of Conscience*, except persons standing conformable to the Church of *England*; untill such Person or Persons, shall first take the Solemn Protestation, and shall compound with the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers, for *Liberty of Conscience*, nor shall he be admitted or permitted to be a *Speaker* or *Hearer*, in any Meeting or Assemblies whatsoever.

That the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers of *Liberty of Conscience*, may have Power to constitute, under the Publick Seal of the said Office, a convenient number of *Spiritual Gagers*, who may have and exercise all such Powers, Priviledges, and Authorities, as the *Gagers* for Excise of Beer and Ale, have, or ought to have and enjoy, and may, at any time, in case of Suspition enter into any house or place, publick or private, to *Gage*, and *try the Spirits* and *Affections* of any Person or Persons; and by *Praying*, *Preaching*, or other good *Exhortation*, dissuade from *Episcopacy*, and the *Common Prayer*, the better to fit and prepare them to compound for *Liberty of Conscience*.

That the said Grand *Commissioners* and *Farmers* of *Liberty of Conscience*, may have power to fine any person or persons (not exceeding the Sum of twenty pounds for every offence, who shall, after Composition for *Liberty of Conscience*, and subscribing the *Solemn Protestation*, be present in any Church or Chappel, within the Kingdom of *England*, Dominion of *Wales*, and Town of *Berwick*, in the time of any part of Divine Service, *unless at the Funeral of his Father*, or some other like occasion, he shall either respond, be uncovered, or carry himself reverently, in the Time of Divine Service aforesaid.

That the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers of *Liberty of Conscience*, or any twenty four of them assembled at the Office aforesaid, may have and exercise a *Jurisdiction of Appeal* in all matters relating to *Liberty of Conscience*, within the said Kingdom of *England*, and shall have a conclusive power in all matters brought before them, by way of Appeal as aforesaid.

That for the better Management of all such matters as shall be brought judicially before the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers

of

of *Liberty of Conscience*, by way of Appeal, the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers, shall have Power to constitute and appoint *Mr. Oliver St. John*, and such others as they judge fit for their said Service, to be of Standing-Councel with the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers: And the said *Mr. Oliver St. John*, being so constituted and appointed under the publick Seal of the said Office, shall, and may be exempted and discharged from being in any publick Office, or place of Trust or Profit, for the said Term of seven Years, any thing to the contrary notwithstanding.

That if any person or persons shall happen to be proceeded against in any of the *Ecclesiastical Courts* of the Bishops of this Kingdom, for *Contumacy*, for *Non-Conformity*, for Non-payment of Tythes, and other Church-Duties, for *publick Reviling against the Bishops, the Common-Prayer*, or the *Government of the Church of England*, or shall speak Opprobriously or Scandalously against the Doctrine or Discipline thereof, as Antichristian, or shall maintain any Positions or Doctrines contrary thereunto; every such person producing a Certificate from the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers under the publick Seal of the said Office, that such person or persons are under Composition for *Liberty of Conscience*, shall actually be discharged, and all further Proceedings stayed; Any thing to the contrary notwithstanding.

That if any persons shall happen to be Indicted, or criminally proceeded against in any of his Majesties Courts at *Westminster*, or elsewhere within the Kingdom of *England*, either for *Treasonable Speeches*, or *Practices*, for publick *railing* at the Government, or for *Scandalous words* against either or both Houses of Parliament, or for transgressing any of the penal Laws and Statures of this Kingdom, Every such person or persons, producing a Certificate from the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers under the publick Seal of the said Office, that such person or persons are under *Composition* for *Liberty of Conscience*; and that such words or practises were not spoken or acted *malitiosè*, but were only the natural and proper Effects and Product of *Liberty of Conscience*, shall be discharged, and all further Proceedings stayed; Any thing to the contrary notwithstanding.

That the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers of *Liberty of Conscience*, may have Power from time to time, to ordain *Pastors*, *Elders*, and *Deacons*, or any other Officers, under any Administration whatsoever, by the laying on of the Publick Seal of the Office: Which said Imposition of the said Publick Seal being received with a Certificate, shall be as Lawful an Ordination, as if every such Person had received Imposition from the Hands of the *Presbytery*; any late Usage or Custom to the contrary notwithstanding.

That the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers may have Power from time to time, to set apart days of Publick Fastings, and Humiliation, and Thanksgiving, on which days it may be lawful for any Person or Persons appointed, to officiate before the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers, to stir up the People to a Holy Indignation against themselves, for having by their want of Zeal, and Brotherly Kindness one towards another, lost many *Precious Enjoyments*; and above all, the never-to-be-forgotten Loss of the late *Power* and *Dominion*, which, with the Expence of so much *Blood* and *Rapine*, was put into the Hands of the Saints. And to take up for a Lamentation, and great thoughts of Heart, the Divisions of *Reuben*, that having our Sacks full, such an Evil Spirit should be found in the midst of us, as to fall out by the way; might it have been with those that abode by the Stuff, as with those that went out to the Battel, it had not been with us as at this day. Some starting aside, like a broken Bow, in the Year 48. others continue to bear the Burden and Heat of the Day until 60. being harnessed, did then turn their Backs in the day of Battel: As was most sweetly handled at the Fast kept Yesterday, at Mr. *Beale's*, by Mr. *Calamy*, Mr. *Baxter*, and others.

That the Twentieth day of *April* next, commonly called *Easter Monday*, be kept as a day of Solemn Fasting and Humiliation, for a Blessing upon these *Gospel---Undertakings*; and that Mr. *Edmond Calamy*, Mr. *Peter Sterry*, Doctor *Lazarus Seamon*, and Mr. *Peake*, be desired to carry on the Work of the Day in Prayer and Preaching, before the said Grand Farmers; and that the particulars following, be recommended to their Consideration in the Work of the Day.

1. To

1. To Bewail,
   1. *All our Court Sins.*
   2. *Our Bishops Sins.*
   3. *Our Monks Sins.*
   4. *Our Common Prayer Sins.*

2. To Divert
   1. *Westminster Hall Judgments.*
   2. *Our Old-Baily Judgments.*
   3. *Our Tower-Hill Judgments.*
   4. *Our Charing-Cross Judgments.*
   5. *Our Tyburn Judgments.*

Lastly, For Deliverance from the Hand of *Dun*, that uncircumcised Philistine.

That the said Grand Commissioners, and Farmers of *Liberty of Conscience*, may have Power to build Churches and Chappels in any place, or places, except upon such Ground where Churches or Chappels do already stand, in regard of the Inconvenience of setting up *Altar against Altar:* And forasmuch as the Custom of reading some part of the Holy Bible before Sermon, comonly called First and Second Lessons, hath been found fruitless, That therefore the said *Grand Commissioners and Farmers*, may have power to appoint instead thereof, the *Annual* reading of those *Sermons* preached by many of the said *Grand Commissioners and Farmers*, before the *Parliament*, upon special Occasions of Thanksgiving and Humiliation, from the Year 1641. to the Year 1648. Which said *Sermons*, may be called the *Homilies* of the Separating Churches.

That the said *Grand Commissioners and Farmers* may have Power to require *Mr. Gilbert Millington*, and *Mr. Luke Robinson*, the same Evangelist, to deliver up all such Articles, Orders, Books, Papers, and other Writings, as were transacted before the late Committee for Plundered Ministers, and likewise, all such as were passed and transacted before *Mr. Philip Nye*, and some others of the now *Grand Commissioners and Farmers*, and heretofore called *Commissioners, or Spiritual Tryers*, to the end the said Articles, Orders, Books, and other Papers, may be Printed and Published, and may be kept at the said Office upon Record for ever, and appointed to be the Book of *Canons* of the Separated Churches.

All this being done, we may upon *Scripture Grounds* expect, that the Door of Hope may yet be open to us, and our Children after us, to see the Travel of our Souls, and to set us into the

Promised Land, and to reap some of those Clusters of the Grapes of *Canaan*, which with so much Labor and Toyl of Body, and Mind were planted, especially in the Years of 1641, 42, 43, 44, 45. by many of Us, and other *Precious* Saints and Ministers of the Gospel, who are since fallen asleep, and have, we hope, reaped the Fruits of those Labors, the Lord having in that day put a mighty Spirit into Us, and set us as Watchmen upon the Towers of *Israel*, to cry mightily *Curse ye Meroz, curse ye bitterly.* Grant that those *Heart-breaking Labors* of Ours, those *Kingdestroying Labors*, those *Kingdom-ruining* Labors, those *Gospel-scandalizing Labors*, those *Church-subverting Labors*, those *Soul-confounding Labors* of Ours may never be forgotten, but may be written as with the point of a Diamond, upon the Heart of the *King*, upon the Hearts of the *Bishops*, upon the Heart of the *Parliament*, and upon the Hearts of all the People from *Dan* to *Beersheba*, that so in God's good time, we may receive our Reward Seven-fold into our own Bosoms, and that the Generations to come, may hear and fear, and do no more so wickedly.

So prays,

S. Butler.

The Round-Heads *Resolution.*

WHereas we are, through our great *Ignorance* and *Obstinacy* grown to a most *Seditious* and *Malignant head*, and the Horns of that Head (though of a main length) not able to support our *Arrogant Faction*, as appears by our last being soundly slash'd and bastinado'd by a mad Crew called the *Cavaliers*, and whereas a great part of *Us* have shut up our Shops, because we could no longer keep them open, which kinde of shutting up, proceedeth commonly from our vast Expence in *White-broths*, *Custards*, and other *Luxurious Dishes* provided for the Edification one of another. And whereas the Multitude, called *True Protestants*, endeavor to hold up Bishops, and maintain d Order, Discipline, and Orthodox Preaching in the *Church*; ing and *Arts* in the *Universities*, and Peace in the *Common-*

Jewish, all which is nothing but *Idolatry, Superstition, Errour*, and *plain Popery*: And further, whereas we (who are nothing properly but *Round-heads* and *Fanaticks*) are in most scandalous manner termed *Holy Brethren*, the *Zealots* of the *Land*, and which in sincerity we never were, or ever will be.

And forasmuch likewise as the prophane World of *True Protestants*, are a stiff-necked Generation, and will not yield unto *Us* the Preheminence of *Doctrine* and *Religion*, notwithstanding the many Senceless two hours of those *Spiritual Trumpets* of *Our* Faction, the Sanctified *Clergy-Lecturers*, or of *Our* more Divine Lectures of our Supreme *Shee-Lecturers*, whose Bowels do even earne for the getting *in* of the Saints unto *Us*, and have, as it were even a zealous lusting after *Us*.

And forasmuch as the *Religion* professed by *Us*, in the purest and most decent, as appears by the great Love and Community betwixt the *Brethren* and the *Sisters*, the Conveniency of the *Woods*, *Saw-pits*, and *Dark Places*, the putting out *Lights*, and defying those *Tapers of Iniquity*, which cause us to behold our own *Wicked Deeds*, the gooly Bigness of the *Ear*, with the shortness of the *Hair*, which hindereth not the Sound of the Shepheards Voice, but easily heareth him call to a great Feast, amongst the Rich Saints, the length and sharpness of the *Nose*, which not only smelleth the sweet Savors of the Holy *Plum-broth*, but also promiseth an eager Appetite to some good Work towards the *Younger Sisters*, the roundness of the *Band*, the length of the Dublet, and the shortness of the *Breeches*, being a habit correspondent to the *Pictures* of the Apostles in the *Geneva Print*, the mightiness of our *Faith*, which is able to remove a Church into a Wood, the Transparency of our *Charity*, that is so invisible, that neither the right hand, nor the left ever knew it, the Multitude of our *Good Works*, which no man living can number, the Godly Works of our *tautological* Prayers, and the Zeal thereof, which brings us even to Divine Consumption, whereby we look like the Prodigal Son at his return home, or the Priests in the Arras, the defying of all Fathers, Bishops, and Doctors, Conformable Persons, Canonical Robes, Ecclesiastical Gestures, and Utensils, all Learning, liberal Arts and Degrees, as the raggs of Superstition, the dregs of Popery are abominable in the goggle eyes of a right *Round-head*; and yet this *simple Innocent* Profession is scorned and

baffled

baffled, [illegible] by whom? But by [illegible], and such as [illegible] Learning, which is no more necessary to Religion, than a Publick Church (which verily is but a Den of Thieves when we are absent.

All which Grievances do stand with much reason, and therefore are utterly against our *tender Consciences*, and never were allowed by any Synod of *More-fields* or *Westminster*.

That therefore which we do now resolve to maintain, and desire have confirmed, and never to alter'd (till some new toy tickle us in the *Pericranium*, which will be very shortly) is,

1. That our Religion, Tenants, and Mannors, before-mentioned, be established and maintained against all *Reason*, *Learning*, *Divinity*, *Order*, *Discipline*, *Morality*, *Piety*, or *Humanity* whatsoever.

2. That the very Name of *Bishops*, shall be a sufficient *Jury* and *Judge*, to condemn any of them, without any further Evidence or Circumstance.

3. That if any man whatsoever, having knowledge in the *Latine Tongue* (being a Popish Language) shall presume to think he can save a Soul by Preaching, he be *excommunicated* both in this World, and in the World to come; unless it be some certain *Lecturers*, of whose approved *Rayling* and *Ignorance*, we are well assured, and have known to stand *six hours* on a Fasting Day.

4. That the *Felt-maker* and the *Cobler*, two innocent *Cuckolds* may be instituted *Primates* and *Metropolitans* of the two *Arch-Provinces*, and the rest of the *Sect* preserved, according to their Imbecillities of Spirit, to such *Bishopricks* and other Livings, as will competently serve to procure fat Poultry, for the filling of their insatiate Stomachs, in which regard, Church-Livings had more need to be increased, than diminished.

5. That no man whatsoever, who bears the name of *Cavalier*, may be capable of making any of the Brethren a *Cuckold*, unless he cut his Hair, and alter his Profession; but be excluded from the *Conventicles*, as the King's Friend, and a Reprobate.

6. Lastly, That there be two whole days set apart to Fast and Pray for the Confusion of all that are not thus resolved.

A Caveat to the Round-heads.

I Come to change yee
That ſlight the Clergy,
And pull the Miter from the Prelat's Head,
That you will be weary,
Leaſt you miſcarry
In all theſe factious humors you have bred;
But as for Brownists we'll have none,
But take them all, and hang them one by one.

Your wicked Actions,
Joyn'd in Factions,
Are all but aims to rob the King of his due.
Then give this reaſon
For your Treaſon,
That you'll be rul'd, if he'll be rul'd by you;
Then leave theſe factions, zealous Brother,
Leaſt you be hanged one againſt another.

Your Wit abounded,
Gentle Round-head,
When you abus'd the Biſhops in a Ditty,
When as you ſanged,
You muſt be hanged,
A Timpinee of Malice made you witty,
And though your hot zeal made you bold,
When you are hang'd, your Arſe will be a cold.

Then leave confounding,
And expounding
The Doctrine that you preach in Tubbs,
You raiſe this Warring,
And private Jarring,
I doubt, in time, will prove the Knave of Clubbs.
If't for your Lying, and not for your Oaths,
You ſhall be hang'd, and Ketch ſhall have your Cloaths.

FINIS.